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ON PAGE D-1

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The Ear

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CHICKEN CHIC? . . . Billy Carter hauled 15 assorted cronies over to the hyperchic (string quartets at lunch, my dears) Prime Rib, on Saturday night. His two old Marine Corps buddies perched cheek by jowl with Elmo Zumwalt, former Chief of Naval Ops. The aperitif was a can of PBR, per plate, per crony. Half-way through the meal, Billy shucked his jacket, undid his vest, grabbed his beer can and ambled around the room to check out the Espresso machine, and pump hands. He did not stir his coffee, nor put a spoon in his ear. Ear's buying one of those new "BILLY CARTER FOR CIA CHIEF" bumper stickers.